

Remarks upon Remarques:
OR,
A VINDICATION
OF THE
CONVERSATIONS
OF THE
TOWN,

In another LETTER directed to
the same Sir T. L.

Quare fremuerunt Gentes?

L O N D O N;
Printed by A. C. for William Hensman,
at the Kings Head in Westminster
Hall, 1673.

Remarks upon Remonstrances

OR

A VINDICATION

OF THE

CONVOLUTIONS

OF THE

TOWNS

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE

CONVOLUTIONS

AND DO NOT
BY A. C. FOR WHOLESALE
OF THE TOWNS IN
1873.

To the most vertuos Lady

Madam K. C.

Who requested this *Vindication*.

M A D A M,

I Need not vindicate the Town
to you:

You, being here, that Office better
do.

The Vertues you possess, and All
Adore,

Expiate for the Vice of Town;
and more.

I'd set your Picture on my Book;
but then,

It would fore stall the Market of my
Pen:

And none would read ; or some
(perhaps) would swear
Town needs no vindication, while
she's there.

But since some know you not, and
some forget ;
He let them know, I've done the
Task you set.

To the *Well-bred*

GENTLEMEN

of the

TOWN

GENTLEMEN,

I Lately met with a
Linsey-woolsey Letter,
as like what the
Common-Lawyers call a
Libel as ever it could
look; I read it over, and
found a discontented *some-
body*, (who seems to know

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nothing of the Town, but
what is not worth know-
ing) labouring to *Travest*
London into extream de-
formities, by laying the
blemishes of some rude
Acquaintance of *his*,
upon the *whole* Town:
like the *Country-man*,
who having found some
Tares in his Dish, swore
there was no Wheat in
his Frumity. Then to
shew himself a *Writer*,
to humour some preju-
diced Party, or for some
other ends, with open-
mouth

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mouth, proclaims to the
World, that our *Age*,
our *Nation*, and its great
Metropolis, are wholly
(for his Notions are ge-
neral) degenerate, vitious,
and debauched

I thought it a *bold* En-
terprise, and pregnant
with dangerous Conse-
quences: As first, It dis-
courages and dissuades
all Country Gentlemen
from educating their Sons
in the ways of *Arts, Arms*,
and *Trade*. It prophanes
the most *Learned* and
Glo-

The Epistle.

Glorious City in the Christian World. And (which is worst of all, by defaming *that*) it impeaches the Government *thereof*, and offers violence to the Conduct of *our Governours*, who have always thought fit to make this renowned City the Center of distributive Justice, and the seat of the *Imperial* Diadem.

On this last score, I confess, it seemed to my sense, to smell *hot* of a Design, against which I have alway

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way had a just indignation; and that is, by oblique means to possess the heads of the Ignorant, unstable Populace, with a contempt of *Magistracy* and *personal* defects of Governours, such Arts have been Comets portending future Evils, fore-runners of Rebellion.

It was well said by the Lord Digby in Parliament in 1640. It is easie to make People believe, what they are willing to believe, though the Arguments

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ments are little inducing, that are used to engage that belief. As when the Petition in that Year was drawn up, and presented to the Commons against Bishops, the inconveniences therein supposed, were most personal, the other ridiculous: As because *Ovid's De Arte Amandi*, was Translated into *English*, &c.

Gentlemen, (though I was *moved* to what I have done by Arguments of another Nature, yet) these
con-

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considerations prompted me to comply with the other desires; And since I have done this, I send it to you (as an Essay only) who (being equally concerned with me in the Cause) will, I hope, supply (on occasion) what is omitted, and correct what is amiss, which will oblige

Gentlemen

Your affectionate Friend

and Townsman.

considered as prompted
me to do so with the
other duties of the same
have accepted. I find it
to you (as an only)
who (as an only) con-
sidered with me in the
(case) and (sup-
posed) (on occasion) what is
the best and correct what
do you which will ob-

Conclusion

Yours truly
and affectionately

TO THE READER.

I Intend no reflections on any
Country Gentlemen, but those
of meer Country built, void of Edu-
cation.

I intend no vindication, but of the
Sober and Vertuous in the Town.

To the Reader.

I intend to publish on the
County of ... the ...
... (county) ...

I intend to publish on the ...
... and ... in the ...

SIR,

I Lately saw a Letter, said to be written to you, grown into a Book, and called *Remarques on the Humours and Conversations of the Town*. I liked the Name, and expected much from it: But when I found that its business was to persuade you to a meer Country life, and to dissuade you wholly from *London*, I wondred what a Gods name was in the mans mind: and when further I saw his Arguments persuasive to be only some minute Considerations of Country Pastimes, and Fools-Bables, and the dissuasive Arguments,

ments, *some rudenesses*, and extravagancies in *London*, I wondered more; especially, while he wishes you to *Arrive at the glory of your Ancestors*; to *stick fresh Laurels in their Garlands*; to become a *Hero*; and dissuades you from the Regular Method of accomplishing the design.

Sir, since he took upon him to be a Tutor to you, and advise you to become a *Hero*, he should have let you know the ways to be such; to have read you Lectures thereupon, to have insinuated the advantages of virtuous Courses, the inconveniences of the ills, which his long Experience has prompted him to *re-marque* upon; to have informed you that in (the University of Education)

education) *London* there are of both sorts, of the better sort, the better part; and against the worse to have framed his Cautions to avoid intimacy, converse, and indeed acquaintance with them. But in stead thereof he point-blank tells you, you must not go to *London*. And why so? Truly, Sir, he uses you like a child, and would scare you from *London* with the Buggers of the Country; and by Country Logick, there are naughty People in *London*, therefore you must not come there. There is in *London* Bridewel, Newgate, Bethle-hem; Ergo all the People in *London* are Whores, Thieves, or Mad.

Sir, Since the man was fur-

nished with anger enough, and
 some words, why did he not take
 his rise at the Universities, to ar-
 gue you into a *Hero*? And in-
 stancing in Cambridge for exam-
 ple, he might have held forth,
 and said, O dear, Sir, Remember
 the Glories that attend the Ghosts
 of your renowned Ancestors, the
 Excellencies of an Indulgent Mo-
 ther, exceeding the Presidents of
 any Age, who desires you should
 arrive at heroick achievements,
 to serve your King and Country,
 and become a *Hero*. Do not
 go to Cambridge, Sir, there are
Alehouses, in which you will be
 drunk; and there are in those
 houses notable prinking Wen-
 ches, that will captivate you into
 Marriage, or somewhat like it.
 There

There are Tennis-Courts; and
 Bowling-Greens that will heat you
 to an excess, and then you will
 drink cold small Beer and die.
 There is a River too, in which
 you will be drowned; and you
 will study your self into a Con-
 sumption, or break your Brain;
 and will you go to such a place?
 Next, Sir, for London; do not go
 thither, and then tell the Book, &c.
 And as for Travel, Sir, never
 think on't; for there is a great
 Sea to go over, there is in it a
 great beastly Fish called a Whale,
 which (they say) turn over Ships,
 and drown the Folks therein;
 there are also Rocks, and Shelves,
 and Sands, which will Shipwrack
 you; and remember, Sir, a great
Hurricane got away the Lord.

(6)

Willoughby. And lastly, as to this point, there are strange People beyond Seas, not only the hateful *French*, whom we over-ape, but *Black People*, who look like Devils, and will fright you out of your Wits; and *Wild People* too, who will tear you in pieces limb from limb; and another sort of People called *Cannibals*, who will eat up all those limbs and pieces, even to the little Toe-nail, or the Gristle of your Rump. What think you, Sir, of all this, will you now take such courses as these? No, I hope not, Sir, keep in the Country, and use the manly Exercise of Riding after a Deer, and I'll warrant you a Hero to some tune: but be sure come not at London, for there are ill People.

Euge,

Euge, brave Country Tutor !
 he has guessed at the Dimensions
 of *Hercules* by his foot : but who
 taught him, by that foot, to
 know what manner of men
 were *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*?

Sir, Finding the Advisers Letter
 to run after this manner, I
 began to guess where he had been
 bred ; I judged he was a *Funam-
 bulo* bred in the Town, for I
 thought by his high jingo's, and
 mighty curvetts on high-lines, he
 must have been acquainted with
Jacob Hall, and *Bartholomeu Fair*;
 and I perceive it was his ill luck
 to keep very bad Company, and
 that a great while too, by the
 knowledge he discovers in the
 Vices of his Companions. I
 profess, Sir, I have known that

Woful Town many years, and know very little of the Vices, but can give great Instances of the virtuous Learning and Conversation of the place; and though your Adviser, Sir, has told me so much news, I am not frightened from educating a Son in *London*, rather than to leave my Estate to an ill hew'n Logger-head, fit for nothing but to run after a Dog and a Cat; and must be kept a Fool to become a Country *Hero*.

Sir, I mislike all undertakings that anatomize Vice in the presence of Youth, and by that means tell them of the Vices whereof they never heard, and the way to be Vicious which they never knew. *Nititur in vetitum*, is become natural, since Nature became

came depraved, and restrictions or prohibitions ought to be imposed warily. The old Man (in *Ariosto* the Italian Poet) who had not gone out of the Town for 40 years, hearing that he was confined to the Town, was mad to see what was without the Gates.

But, Sir, It has pleased your Adviser, that mighty person of Conduct, next to your Mother, to go another way to work, and a sure one too; infallible I promise you: an approved remedy against the Vices of London; and that is, in short, never to come there. And all this upon good Reason and sound, even the Calvinistical Hypothesis, that the Energetical Decrees of Reprobation, will catch you

you by the back, as soon as you
 set foot in London streets, O pic-
 ked London Streets! And long
 experience has taught him, that
 the fate attending the Life of a
 young Gentleman in London, is
 to be vicious, fottish, and prophan-
 e. I condole with him his sad ex-
 perience, and am glad he has
 changed his Company; and has
 learned to be a Hero-maker,
 though such a one as 'tis; I con-
 fess 'tis better to be a Fool than a
 Knave, if there be a necessity of
 being one of them: but he has
 not used Arguments cogent e-
 nough to convince me of the
 necessity of being one or the other.
 Sure this man, when he was
 a Raw Country Lad, was sent
 to London, and there fell to the
 Boyish

Boyish art of making Squibs and Crackers, and so from one childish trick to another, till he improved to the idle and impertinent courses he now swaggers at. And Truth is, if young innocent Country Gentlemen be not well taught, and well grounded before they come there, if they be not grown men too, and perhaps be well appointed to these Designments and Societies, they may be imposed upon, even by the very Boys of this place; who by the help of the frequent and generous converse here, arrive to knowledge at 10 years of Age, in greater measure than a Country Bumpkin at 20.

Perhaps, Sir, this man of *Idea's* had some aspiring thoughts to be

Bell-

Bell-weather of the Wits, as he calls some *Amy*, *brisk* Fellows of his acquaintance, to out-go the *Coffee-house* smok, to reach the Clouds, to be Speaker of all the Noise that haunt idle places, and because he could not reach the top of his aim, has taken it in dudgeon : or having felt the pains and aches, which (they say) succeed a dissolute Youth, cries out, *No London, no London*; and may be himself, for ought I know, is like an old Ape (as one says, that has worn off his Tail, and would have all young Apes cut off their Tails to be like him. And but for one, perhaps more, perhaps he belonged to the Temple, afraid of being pumped for not paying *Exceedings*, frightened

at the Rebellion for that cause; for he says he was *surprised*, and his Letter was *voided* about that time; or by miss of expected advantages he grew into wrath and fell foul of all *London*, only was pleased to be a little kinder to some of both Sexes, at the end of his Preface; but they are not very considerable neither, they are retired Animals, live to themselves and their *Consciences*, and are no companions for you, Sir. So in effect he concludes, that *all* who will converse are bad; and *all* are bad who will not converse.

And now, Sir, we are fallen into the way of the Wilderness, and if you please to tire your self a little, I'll go along with you through

through the Wood, and (be-
 cause you are advised to History)
 to encourage your steps,
 I'll tell you now and then a sto-
 ry, as shall be occasioned by the
 Remarks in our Travel. And
 now, for my Pebble and Sling,
 and have at the Philistine in
 Green, this Country Zangumim.

But, Sir, before we go further
 I must take notice whom I walk
 with, what Company I keep;
 and 'tis a good rule for you, Sir,
 either in Town or Country,
noscitur ex socio, &c.

Sir, Upon this first view of
 you, I take you to be a Gentle-
 man of good Family, though the
 Gallantry of your Mother is the
 only Argument to make out the
 Quality of your Ancestors, be-
 ing

ing the surest side, was thought
 the surest demonstration also
 that you are dignified with the
 highest Order of Gentility, of
 good Estate, and having a round
 sum of ready money; that you are
 come to the Age of Consideration,
 that your Education has been a-
 greeable to the ancient Precepts of
 Nobleness, Generosity, and Vertue.
 So that you have passed all the Ill-
 lucks of School and University
 safe and sound, and whether you
 are to go to London with safety
 is the Question. In order to
 that you have a Letter sent, which
 begins with *Trouble and Surprise*;
 and I verily believe the good man
 wrote it quite through in that
 condition. But why *Trouble*, and
 why *Surprise*? Oh, a young
 Gen-

Gentleman, a young innocent
 Gentleman, who by an innocent,
 ignorant Country life, who by
riding after a Deer might become
 a *Hero*, and especially by living
 under the Regiment and Conduct
 of an incogent Mother might
 be so; is now going to London,
 vile London! where are nothing
 but Mouse-traps, and Fire-works,
 Bears and Lions, Skip-Jacks and
 Jews-trumps, and nothing con-
 tributary to the making of a
Hero.

In this sad and doleful posture
 he laments the state of this *pre-
 sent Age*, in comparison with
 former *Ages*, and cries out with
 the Poet,

Ætas

*Ætas parentum pejor avis, tulit
 Nos nequiores, mox daturos
 Progeniem vitiosiore. Hor!*

And every Age may say the same, and perhaps truly, yet while the Vices of Ages are not recorded, and so are unknown to after-times, and present Ages have personal view of themselves, they judge the present always worst; and out of well wishes for amendment, it has been wisely designed to commend the former and rebuke the present Age: and the same *ætæ parentum*, &c. will be perhaps used by our Children, though we have seen the horrid'st Times that have been since our Saviours.

It is true, the present time in which we now live, doth differ from the Times on this side *Hen. 8.* and yet can compare with all before. The reason of the difference may in some sort be, that after the Crown of *England* justified it self *Imperial*, and the affair of Church Government Independent of either the Eastern or Western Patriarchs; our Islands dividing from all claims of Foreign Jurisdiction, and differing in some points of Religion, became estranged from Confederacies with other Nations, and so had not the opportunities of training up our Youth in Martial Activities (abating what little *formal* Artillery was in the *Netherlands*) which brought

brought our Nation into some effeminacy; and occasioned the losing of much of those magnanimous Improvements, which used always to be welcome to *English* minds. And this continued till the late Civil War, which most influenced the conquering Rebels, made up of *Mechanicks* of the lowest Ranks, and *Plebeians*: The ancient Gentry under Sequestration and Plunder (the glory of their loyalty) contenting themselves to suffer for that Cause, which they could not retrieve. And now lately opportunities have been ministered for our Sovereign to join with the most Christian King, in order to the redeeming of the of the ancient Gallantry, which

used to attend the Subjects of Monarchy, and hath been a long time fettered, and almost stifled, yet may now Exert it self in the rebukes of the Treacheries of an unfaithful *Anarchy*.

And a Liberty (like that of our Neighbours) being (for the present) assumed, to uncage the mighty *English* souls, and to give them Elbow-room, in order to the great & popular designs now abroad in the World; it may be true, that some looseness perhaps may mix with that *Liberty*, and steal insensibly on some of the narrowest and less wary Designers of popular Enterprizers.

Yet this (if so) hinders not, but the present Age, (all circumstances considered) is in fairer way
for

for improvement in all sorts of honourable Science and heroick purposes, than any Age before us, some instances whereof may (perhaps) occur in our particular notice of the *Remarques*.

Sir, Methinks, your Adviser was somewhat out while he Courts you sometimes with mighty Encomiums, and acknowledges you to understand as much of *true sense and good breeding* as most; yet he insinuates the sweet and prudent conduct of your Mother to overcome unpleasant obsequiousness; and the love of childish Liberties, as arguments to you not to leave the Country life. So that notwithstanding what he says well of you sometimes, at other times

he says as ill, or at least, would
 have the World believe worse of
 you; telling what mean Opini-
 on your Mother has of you, who
 would still have you under her
 Regiment, fearing, yea, perplexed,
 that you will be debauched with
 the Vices of the Town: which
 is as much as to say, Sir, you un-
 derstand as much as any one, but
 yet it is fit your Mother should
 govern you still, for you have
 not understanding enough to
 protect you from vicious pra-
 ctises, Sir, you are beholding
 to him, pray thank him for
 nothing; He and your Mo-
 ther have consulted well toge-
 ther, they are both willing you
 should pursue noble Enterprizes,
 especially those of serving King
 and

and Country; but it must not be at London, no, nor must you go thither to see if you have a King to serve, nor to learn how to serve him, or your Country.

These great Undertakings are to be accomplished under the Conduct and Regiment of your Mother, and to be taught you by inspiration, and so upstart Mushroom-Hero in one Moonlight night in the Country.

But, Sir, we had best have a care; we mistake not, honest Country meaning; the Man says *A life partly of Conversation, and partly of leisure and retiredness, is most suitable to the affairs and interests of men*; and well is it said too, i. e. Reading, Meditation, and Converse, conduce much to

make you a *Hero*, and to serve
King and Country. Well said in
 good sooth, have at *Arts* and
Arms now; Ah, but its *Country*
Arts, and *Country Arms*, he
 means. Pish, then 'tis no more
 but this; you are to send to *Lon-*
don, I say send, for come not you
 here on pain and peril that will
 fall thereon; therefore, once a-
 gain, send for the Statute Book,
 and the two famous Books of
Daltons and *Shepherds Justice of*
Peace Office, especially that of
Dalton, for there you will have
 all presidents of *Warrants*, *Mit-*
timus's, and the whole Artillery
 of a learned Justice, there you
 will be furnished with so much
 skill as will make you be coun-
 ted a *Hero Judge* to punish Offen-
 ders

ders against the Crown and
 Dignity of our Sovereign Lord
 the King, against the dignity of
 your Office and *Heroſhip*, who
 ſhall wickedly neglect to ſay
Worſhipful at every word, and to
 do what you command right or
 wrong; by which means (aba-
 ting the *Regiment and Conduct* of
 your more learned *Mother*) you
 ſhall be absolute Commander of
 all men and things that fall un-
 der the ſwing of the learned part
 of you. You will alſo ſtrike
 ſuch awe into the minds of Te-
 nants, Neighbours, and Depen-
 dants, that they ſhall admire to
 hear you (over a Boull of *Nogg*)
 to tell News, like a little *News-
 monger* to arraign, trie, judge, and
 condemn the *Consultations, A-
 ctions*

ations, and Designs of King, Council, Parliament, and Ministers of State; and (by the help of your Advisers Letter) to quarrel at all things you are to be ignorant of, and make them wring their hands and wonder you are not made a Privy Counsellor, they not dreaming your Mother and her Secretary will not let you go to London.

And to conclude this Discourse of *Arts*, (for we are to suppose all *Arts* to be in a Country Justice) be sure you get a good and well-grounded Clerk, for that makes the Justice, and Justice the *Hero*.

Next, Sir, you are to serve your King and Country in way of *Arms*, which is the latter part of your

Hero.

Hero-ship. In order to that, you are, in Country leisure and retiredness; to read that excellent and profound Piece, called *The Soldiers Grammar*; which Book in short time, with your Mothers Annotations, will make you (as to Arms) fit to be (in your Advisers opinion) a Deputy-Lieutenant; then you are to buy a great red Scarff with great gold Fringe, get your Clerk to put it on, on the side contrary to your Sword, that it may not hide the gilt Handle: summons your Company to appear before you on some convenient place on your Mannor, bid them stand to their Taskling, Face to the right, and then to the left, which is right against the Ale-house
(newly

(newly licensed by you to advance your rent) give them a Barrel of Bear at a penny the Quart , receive their thanks by a Volley of shot , and go home like a mighty *Hero* returned from the Conquest of *Granada*, or the Siege of *Rhodes*. All this, I fantasie, Sir, your Adviser reserved for another Letter, after he had frightened you from London, with the Snap-Dragons there, and (which Crowns all) the *Converse* in the Country , with other such like *Hero's* skilled in *Arts* and *Arms*, as aforesaid, will exceedingly improve your *reading* , and rivet these redoubted accomplishments in your mind and memory : whereas in *London* , silly, rude, villanous *London*, there are
no

no men fit to converse with, only some few who are *retired*, live to their *own* Consciences, and are not good Companions.

And this you may easily believe, Sir, if you believe what he says next, *viz.* That *Philosophy* is out of credit in this Age, and if he should say otherwise, he fears, you would despise him for a Pedant. Now whether he fears you (in that) really, I know not, but to gratifie his fear, let him fear me, who (for so saying) do despise him as such, for he now speaks like one, that brute has the greatest share of, and bewrays that ignorance that meer Country Tuscan is condemned to.

How! *Philosophy* out of credit! what! That *Philosophy* which (as Seneca says) found not Plato Noble,

Noble, but made him so: now
 out of credit! That Philosophy
 out of Credit which made the
 Great Emperour *Aurelius* declare,
 That though he had no Reward
 among the Gods, nor honour
 among men, yet he was right
 glad to be a Philosopher for the
 love of it self. Strange news!
 And where out of Credit? In
 London be sure; ah, and every
 where else, in the whole Age:
 then Country it seems has no
 Philosophy neither. Well rhym'd
 Tutor, God-a-mercy good Hero-
 maker. He perswades you, Sir,
 Philosophy is out of credit; no need
 of that: and so you are to be a
 Hero without it. Sir, I must tell
 you, if you had so little Wit as to
 believe this, you would never
 have

have Wit enough to be a *Hero*.
 But being otherwise perswaded
 of you ; I shall endeavour to un-
 deceive you, and inform you and
 your ignorant Adverser too, that
 the two Notions of *Philosophy*
 and *Languages* comprise all hu-
 mane Learning. As to the last,
 never were those attainments
 arrived at, as are at this present
 the *Glory* of this Age, this Nation,
 this great City. As for the *We-*
stern Languages, especially the
French, they are so familiar to us,
 that it's cause of Quarrel to your
Man of Language, that they get
 place in our discourses. As to
 the *Eastern Languages*, I shall
 need to instance in no more than
 the *Polyglot Bible*, with the *Lexi-*
cons thereto ; a performance ex-
 ceeding

ceeding all Times, to the everla-
 sting honour of those worthy
 persons, whose names add Orna-
 ment to the Work, and are men-
 tioned before it; and in special to
 that incomparable Linguist, who
 was the first in the Enterprize,
 and has survived the rest, the
 Reverend Dr. CASTLE, now
Arabick Professor in Cambridge, in
 whom the Age is highly *credi-*
ted by his indefatigable Labours,
 and more highly *discredited* in
 that, that in slight to his Person
 and his Pains, in discouragement
 to future learned Attempts, no
 recompence has reached him,
 bearing any proportion with his
 merit, no, not with his charge in
 that single invaluable Atchieve-
 ment.

Now,

Now, Sir, As to Philosophy, I fear the Man understands neither Name nor Thing. Good man, he never learned; perhaps, further than Barbara, Celarent, and so thought all Philosophy contained in Seton; and because Rauldolph calls him (unmannerly) Jack Seton, and Greasie Jack Seton, he like a wise Philosopher, concludes that Philosophy is out of credit.

'Tis true, Sir, The meer notional and disputing part of Philosophy, the *Mumfimus* of the old Stagerite and his *Dogmata*, are no more in credit, than as they contribute to practical knowledge and true Science, leading inquiries into the most inward recesses of Learning, and thereby enlarging

D

the

the soul of man answerable to the design of such an immortal being; which is the aim and honour of this present Age, having found the extreme inconveniences which have bewitched the later Ages, disturbed the peace of Church and State, and prevented improvements in sound Learning, even that *disputandi pruritus*, idolized by men, whose only accomplishments were, to be acute Disputants, dextrous Wranglers, and such Philosophy as that, and such Philosophers as they, I confess, are quite out of credit.

But, Sir, Had your Adviser spent some of his long Experience at Arundel house, Gresham-Colledge, or any other of the ma-

ny Societies of Learning now in London, he would not have put off Philosophy, with an *Out of Credit* falsity. Nay, had he but seen a *Book-sellers* Shop once a Term; he might have seen the Catalogue of Books, products of the great and insuperable industry and prodigious improvements of the Philosophers that are in *Town*; he might then have learned to tell you of better business for Country diversifements than *riding after a Deer*; that is, the improvements of Woods and Orchards, of cultivating, impregnating, and improving of Lands by tillage and planting, with a multitude more of inventions and branches of Philosophy, found out and enlarged

by the *Philosophers* here, in their several ways and Societies, who in truth are the most real and generous Benefactors to the Learned World, that any Times have produced; and they are persons (though of honour and renown yet) of such free, sociable, and communicative constitutions, as dispose them to distribute that knowledge with unlimited freedom, which they acquired with unwearied pains.

And further, Sir, though your Friend willingly lays aside, the considerations of Religion, whether out of ignorance, or what else, I know not, yet I can assure you, that our *Philosophers* here do exceedingly contribute to the better part of Man, with reference

rence to the future state. And, Sir, were you at *London*, and would not be frightened from Church with fear of a Pick-pocket, you might hear *Philosophy* from the Pulpit, and constant preaching, not bettered by any dayes on this side the Apostles. And we here have *leisure* and *retiredness* enough to read abundance of excellent *Philosophy* in the sacred Pages, though *Solomons* great Body of *Natural Philosophy* of Vegetables, from the Cedar to the Hysop, is not yet come to light. Thus far, Sir, is *Philosophy* out of credit; thus far, is your Tutor (upon his own challenge) to be despised as a Pedant.

Next, Sir, He advances to a Home-spun Argument for a
D₃ Country

Country life ; and that is , you shall have opportunities of *reading History*. Alas poor London ! hast thou lost all thy *History* ? Hue and Cry , pray , after *History* : Country *Hero* has robbed London of *History*. Well it cannot be helped , *History* must be read , and we must go into the Country to read it. Then , pray Sir , where do you dwell ? that we *Londoners* may come and *Hero*-fie our selves with *History* at your house. On my word , Sir , we have *Philosophy*'d well indeed ; we have raised a Spirit , which the out of Credit Folk call by the name of *Dilemma*. And thus he plagues us , either trouble and surprize must have you by the bones , or your Tutor. If all we *Londoners* come down

down to your House to read *History*, this will be trouble and surprize to you : if you bring *History* up to London, then there is trouble and surprize to Tutor.

Again, Either you must bring it up, or send it up : if you bring it up, you will be you know what : if you send it up, you will lose the means of being a *Hero* ; and Tutor loses his prime Argument. Lo, what a spirit is here now ? he could go further too, if he were let alone. What work would this *Fiend* make among a Herd of Country *Hero's* ? shrewd Work indeed !

But, Sir, We Londoners and out of Credit Philosophers, make no bones of such spirits as these ; Nay, they can conjure down

with three words, the veriest *Hobgoblin* that ever scared poor *Country Hero*.

Come, Sir, Be not troubled nor surprized, this was no spirit, it was merely a delusion. We will not come to your House for *History*, nor any thing else, we have more plenty of all things here; in particular, more *History*, more leisure, more retiredness to read it, more and better converse to improve it; we do think it great pleasure to see former Ages in the Glasses of *History*. It is a part of *Philosophy*; it contributes to the making of a *Hero*, provided you rest not in the *Idea's* of Things, but improve them into action, and confine them not to the *scite* of your Mannor.

And

And therefore, whereas your Adviser prefers *History* to performance, because, as he says, he that stands on high takes a more perfect account of an agreeable shew, then he that makes one of the Train. I doubt he wants some of the Town Wit, for the Alderman that stood on a Steeple, saw more of the fierce Battail at Colchester, then any one in it; yet, I take it, (with submission to better Judgments) that Sir Charles Lucas was likelier to prove the greater Hero.

In ancient time, it was *Ulysses* praise; *quod mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes*. But now I perceive, by a new-found Country Doctrine, in order to make a Hero. It is better to read *Hey-*
lins

lins Geography, or Oglebie's Atlas, then to travel, to read Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Fisher's *York fight*, or perhaps, the admirable piece before mentioned, the *Souldiers Grammar*, then to be an experienced Souldier.

Oh brave Country-Justice-Captain-Hero. But to proceed, Our Man of Argument having told the ill luck of meeting an idle Companion (and it seems he has met with as much of that ill luck, as any of his Time, the more the pity, and then having shaken off the Gentleman, as it seems he was, but of no breeding, understanding nothing above the *Breeches*.) He mounts, and now baloo for the Country, upon the ran-dan, hey for the Country, oh

oh brave Country. Sir, there you will have delight in the fierceness of *Horse*, pursuit of a *Deer*, variety of sports, along the beautiful *Foot-cloths* of *Nature*, you'll sleep quietly, and not miss of *Idea's* to form you glorious *Dreams*; and what then? then all this is better then hunting a little *Wench*, (or a great one either) then beating the *Watch*, or breaking *Glass* windows, losing a great quantity of *Guinies*, or playing away a *Lordship*. Oh wonderful! and is it so indeed? what follows? what? then by authentick consequences of *Country Philosophy*, *Hunting*, *Walking*, *Sleeping*, and *Dreaming* in the *Country*, will make you a *Hero*, and going to *London* will make you a *Rogue*.

Sure

Sure this man has burnt his
shins at your Fire, and therefore
you must remove your Chim-
ney.

But, Sir, since we are on the
beautiful Foot-cloths of Nature, and
places of Sports, let's have a Verse
of Discourse of *Hunting*. And
as to that, (though prophane
Entopians think it unworthy to
be used of Free men, and there-
fore reject it to their Butchers,
to which Office they design their
Bond-men, accounting Hunting
the vilest and most abject part of
Butchery, especially that Hunt-
ing which is for pleasure only.
Yet) we that are Philosopher-
Historians, do read of *Xenophon*
(a better Philosopher then any
in *Entopia*, which place for that,
is

is worse then *London*, for my Lord Major here keeps Hounds) how he commended Hunting to *Cyrus*, and called it a gift of the Gods, first bestowed on *Chiron* for his doing Justice, and by him taught unto the old Hero's and Princes; and we at this day take it for a lawful Pastime, befiting any man of what degree soever, and we take it withal, that the skill of well ordering a Pack of Hounds, may prefer a man to be my Lord Majors Dog-keeper, but never make him a Hero; but I'll tell you one thing, Sir, which your Adviser never told you, perhaps never knew, viz. that if (with the *London* Philosophers) you shall inquire into the natural causes and grounds of Hunting,

ting, what manner of *effluvia* or *bodikins* are left by the Hares foot on *Natures Foot-cloth*, how retained there for a good space of time, how received into the *sents* of the Hound, directed thereby, and by a natural impulse to pursue poor *Wats* to death; you would out-do all the *Country Hero's*, and dream such glorious dreams, as *Artemidorous* never heard of, formed of such *Idea's* as attend *London Philosophers*. And this (indeed so) is far better then keeping such rude Company, as Tutor, by long experience, has found out to reproach *London* with, and whereof the *Philosophers* are wholly ignorant.

Advance we next to a *necessarium*, you must marry, ay, marry
Sir,

Sir, *Ergo*, you must not go to London; why not to London? ay, and for that purpose too; where so many Country heirs meet with Fortunes, who repair the Cracks of their ancient Families, add to others more mean, and are acceptable to the best. Oh, but Sir, if you go thither you will spoil your Instruments of Generation, and never be able to continue posterity to succeed you in your Mannors, and Country-Hereditie.

Sir, This man it seems knows you *Intus & in cute*; you are condemned to a sad fate, and good Sir *Nativity-caster* has so decreed it, &c. But why marry just now? he knows best, if he judges of you by himself.

But

O But (in earnest Sir) I approve
 not too early marriages, as well
 for St. Pauls reasons against all
 marriages, as for hindrance of
 Posterity: yet (in good deed) if
 the case be so with you, that by
 traduction you inherit a consti-
 tution big with inclination of
 that cogency, as you *must* marry,
 or do *like* it; (and to the point
 he seems to speak as knowingly,
 as dogmatically.) Then *Marry*,
 only get your Tutor (as prepara-
 tive) to postil on the History of
Piramus and *Thisbe*, and lecture
 to you well thereon. But, Sir,
 how will this project conduce
 to the making you a Hero? for
 Marriage (they say) is a hin-
 drance to such ends. Come, Sir,
 that's a mistake, as it plainly
 will make

make out by *Philosophical History*,
 as clear as the Sun; and now I
 think on't, it's the only *Country*
trick to make you a *Hero*. One
Vibius Rufus married *Tullies* Wi-
 dow, and bought *Cæsars* Chair,
 to get the eloquence of the one,
 and the Power of the other, and
 when he had done all this, no
 doubt but he was a perfect *Hero*.
 Now, Sir, you being an accom-
 plished young Gentleman, and
 rich, may with your Advisers
 help, marry thus, and be a *Hero*
 in a trice: if this won't do't, you
 must try some other ways; only
 come not at *London*, wicked *Lon-*
don, for *Astrology* sake: ay, and
 the round sum of ready money sake;
 which is all condemned to the
Cheats and *Pick-pockets*, if you
 E come

come at London. Was not your Adviser, pray Sir, one of the Rump-Parliament? and argued Monarchy out of doors, on pretence that Kings have some times ill Counsellors? May I be so bold, Sir, Pray where do you dwell? I hope not near Bansted-Downs, New-Market, or Salisbury Plain, nor near a Market, a Fair, a City, or Town-Corporate: for on my word, lewd People frequent such places, and many round sums of ready money have been lost there, and many a fair Manor mortgaged. Well, Sir, if you were (indeed) born when all good Stars turned their backs on you, as is reported, I should not advise you to use the manly exercise of riding after a Deer, for I knew one who broke

a Horse neck riding after Grey-hounds, and I have heard many with as little a matter have broke their own necks, therefore you must look to your Hits in the Country also, unless the Regiment and Conduct of your Mother be there a Charm against all Ill-lucks.

Then, Sir, After a Cross-Caper or two (by the help of fatal *must*) over the heads of some airy Companions of his, (and he seems to have many of such acquaintance, and if he can leap over all their heads so, he is a nimble Gentleman.) He attacques the Poets of the Town with all his might: have at the Poets, Heroick Poets, Dramatick Poets, and all this to make you a Hero. Sir, you *must*

not acquaint your self with Poets,
nor read Poetry.

Sir, The man should have
done well to have instanced in
any Age of the World, wherein
Poetry was not in high esteem,
as well Heroick as Dramatick.
Scaliger says that the reading of
Virgil will make a man more
honest then all the Precepts of
Philosophers, divine Mr. *Her-*
bert says,

A verse may find him, who a Ser-
mon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

The *Macedonian Amintas* gave
to *Cherilus* (a mean Poet) the
value of an Angel for every Verse,
and our *K.H.8.* for a few Psalms
turned

turned into *English* Metre, made Sternhold Groom of his Privy Chamber. *Virgil, Homer, Lucan, Plautus, Terence, Horace, and Casimire*, (to name no more) for Heroick, Dramatick, and Lyrick, have always been, and still are of great esteem in all Ages and places. It pleased the holy Penmen to leave some Books of Holy Writ in Metre. And St. Paul was well acquainted therewith, and made good use too of the Heathen Poets, witness his Citations of *Epimenides*, 1 Tit. 12. *Menander*, 1 Cor 15. 33. and *Aratus*, Acts 17. 28. and I fanſie he designed a Verse of his own, James 1. 17. *Πᾶσα ὁσιε*, for I refer to the Greek Testament, and on the former Citations *Erasmus* says,

says, *Plures sine dubio legerat beatus Paulus poetas quam quos recitavit, & recitando aliquos laudavit omnes.* Sir, is not your Adviser all this while a wise man to inveigh against Poetry, on behalf whereof a Volume might be written; with as little ingenuity he falls foul on the Poet, and what is his fault? The Poet reproves placing a præposition at the end of a sentence, and false Grammar; which is a fault unpardonable, for Hero's are not to speak with such exactness; Silly man, the Poet spoke to Poets, not to Country Hero's. But he had heard perhaps how King James rebuked Gundamore for speaking false Latine, and how Gundamore answered, that he spoke

spoke Latine like a King, and the King spoke Latine like a School-master, and from that excuse in jest, he has raised an Argument in earnest, that an Hero is not to speak Grammar, and so *Poet Laureat* is killed on the leg, and all Poets in him.

And why (good Sir Adviser) is any to be reviled for the exactness of his skill? It is the first time sure, that any one was made culpable for being without fault. Well, he will not leave Poet so, on he goes with another Thrust; *What does this (dramatick Poetry) signifie to the practical vertue of a Gentleman?* Sure the man cannot be so ignorant, as he seems, no body (though but easily skil'd in Learning) but can give suffi-

cient answer to the Question, however, can say it signifies more then his manly exercise of riding after a Deer. But (to wave common things) I can tell him, that I have been several times at a Play of that excellent Poets framing, whom he would revile, and I will maintain, there was more practical Divinity in it, then in several Country Sermons I have heard.

Well, Sir, after a great deal of Billingsgattry against Poets, particularly against one of the best that ever *England* bred; he grows weary of him in good time, and fairly concludes, that the same man is of good life; his fault being (as it should seem) he is a Poet; and Poets are guilty of

of several faults besides, *ergo*, my Lord Majors Huntsman is an undoubted Hero. And now for damned Poet, a full thrust shall strike him to the heart. Poets are guilty of *Atheism*. I fear he mistook himself, and by *Atheism* meant *Polytheism*, for indeed, Modern Poets use *Di* instead of *Deus*, following still the Dialect of the Heathen roguish Poets, which must needs be an unpardonable Crime. But what if the Heathen Poets in that followed the Idiom of the Writer of the Pentateuch, in his *Elohim*, (and it's thought that *Ovid* had seen those Books) that Crime is become none. *Atheism* still sticks by their rib; as for example, some of the old Poets differed about

about the Creation of the World; Pray which of them did so? He dubs *Aristotle* and *Epicurus* Poets, and then condemns them for *Atheists*; and through them all Poets to this day are under that Sentence.

It is to be feared there are in the World too many *practical Atheists*, God bless the Adviser, for the Ignorant are *Atheists*, and 'tis the *Fool* said in his heart you know what, &c. but indeed, I hardly believe that he can instance in any one Modern Poet or other, that is in Judgment an *Atheist*, or that holds in Judgment, the concurrence of *Atoms* by an *undesigned impetuous chance* to make a World; for if they believe not *Moses*, they will give credit

to Ovid; well but the Town Poets are Atheists, ay that they are, no matter why or wherefore. I perceive Mr. Dryden has displeased your Tutor, Sir, and there is no more to be said, and so much for *Atheism* in Poets. Another fault, like it, is at hand; and that is a fault of Poets too, prophane Poets, who believe mankind has suffered in nothing more then in the restraints of Wedlock, and so it's deplorable that the contempt of Wedlock is grown common; and the next great subject of their Discourse is the dishonour of Women, and they believe there were never any honest Women but those who lived solitarily, and were never attacqued by a powerful Courtship.

What a great many ill qualities

ties had the persons with whom this man was acquainted? what, vilific Wedlock and dishonour Women? O grievous! I protest, Sir, I take it to be a fault, not of the least magnitude; and now I think on't, I have heard of some shallow-brain'd fellows (pretenders to Poetry) who have thrown about *Lampoons* and *Satyrs*, to their followers, who at Coffee-houses and Taverns vent the Ware; this is done in the Country too, according to their little Wit. But, Sir, These are not reckoned among the *Poets*, but *Poetafters*, the true *Poets* being *Philosophers*, and frequent not such places, desiring their Works should favour of the oyl rather than the Wine: and they hold

hold *Marriage* a *sacramental* at least; and for *Women*, they think them the *Glory* of the present *Age*, as far transcending the *Mold* and *Materials* of former *Times*, as the other improvements of this *Age* exceeds former; and as much as any of that *Beloved Sex* exceeds in vertuous *Accomplishments*, so much the more does she attract to her self their *Honour* and *Regard*. Yet because it is so positively asserted that *Wedlock* and *Women* are disrespected by some, I have been thinking who they are, and how they came hither. It seems, they are *naughty men* who disesteem *Women*; and I fear, 'tis *naughty Women* gives the occasion; but both are in *London*, and how came

came they there? were it not, Sir, for your Advisers *Atheism* it might be thought that *Epicurus* sent them hither by an *impetuous chance*; but I am not of that mind I assure you. And now, Sir, we are discoursing of *Wedlock, Women, and Breeding, &c.* there comes a Story into my head, which, perhaps, you nor your Tutor never met in the course of your reading History; It has something in it of all those matters, and though it be somewhat long, you may bear with it, for it was bred and born in the Country, and in the Country resolves to die.

There was a man, who was an old man, his name was *Prosper Richman*, and he was a rich man, had a plentiful number of Acres,
and

and a goodly Manor-house, and a round sum of ready money. He was of an ancient Family, as old as *Meum & Tuum*; his Wife was the daughter of one Mr. Scrape, of Family equal, if not before the other; and a good Housewife she was, though not one of ten of that breed proves so. And these two by a sleight they had used, had seven Sons and three Daughters; the eldest Daughter was crooked, witty, but ill-natured; the second was handsome straight, but consumptive; the third was very handsome, very young, but somewhat silly.

These three Daughters (with the help of round sums of ready money, and the reputation of thriving Parents, were disposed of
in

in marriage to three rich Country heirs, who were appointed to their marriages at the second interview, their Parents having before made the Matches.

The Husband of the eldest, after some repetitions of Loves Encounters had allayed his Passion, began to entertain mean thoughts of his *Spouse*; and she being by day froward and perverse, he accounted her the latter part of the night to be but a parcel of Bones crowdeed together into a Poke, and set upon two stils, and so thought he was in Bed with a Skeleton: thence took a distaste at her, and grew desirous to be acquainted with the perfections of that Sex. In order to that, following his eyes, he

he fixes his fanſie with ſome earneſtneſs on *Mal.* the daughter of *Mr. Boniface*, Parſon of the Pariſh; and at laſt obtained opportunity to beſtow on her ſome *Country Innocence*. Afterward on ſome Tenants daughters, and by and by on his Maids one after another; inſomuch that Aprons growing ſhort among them, he lends them *toties quoties* to *London*, to ſome grave Woman, who in a Moneths time can make any Apron as long as it was before, and you cannot ſee where it was mended. And (would you think it) by this doing between his Age of 20 years when he married, and 30, he ſent to *London* on that errand a ſcore of Women with their Appurtenances.

As to the second Daughter, her husband liked her pretty well by day, but by night, being continually disturbed of his rest with her coughing, and in his stomach, with the unsavoury odors which arose from her breathing, and the great lumps of rotten Lungs which she belched forth on the Spitting-sheet, and some time on the Chamber: Troth, he in short time, loathed her, took such Courses as rother had done, and then did, and furnished this Town of London; O unhappy London! with more then the other had done by five.

He that married the third, (which was for symetry of body, and excellent features very beau-

beautiful) promised himself great felicity in the enjoyment of her : but it fell out, that (by reason of her tender years) that which in riper persons makes a pleasurable Impression, and begets (besides what else) an endeared affection to her, signified the clear contrary ; and indeed, to him, seemed punishment for marrying one not yet 15 years of Age : so she wanting Wit and natural courage, and fancying that conjugal Rites would never be performed at easier rates, either refused, or refused to assist those embraces which are the life of married state : wanting also knowledge in household affairs, carriage, and discourse, she became as little entertainment for

her Husband by day as by night. Whereupon he takes Pet, espouses other societies, grows informed of the others vices, and by corrupt Nature is prompted to the lewd courses of other Brethren in Law; and sends the same way on the same errand, no less then nine in two years; and how many after that I heard not, nor have I heard of the sum total of the rest: but we may guess them to be a jolly number on a Judgment *pro ratâ*.

And (which is remarkable on this third Daughters part, beyond the rest) she became jealous of her Husband, and her Husband careless of her. And this news flying into the neighbouring Villages, the Country, sturdy young

young Fellows resorted to her; and what out of spight to her Husband, what out of itch, made, and claw'd, by others not husband, she admitted offers, received them into her Embraces, and I know not what, fancied the motions, became affecter of Game, a lover of any but her Husband, and in fine, was in fair to make as many Rogues, as he did Whores.

These Daughters of this mighty Family being thus (by the aid of great Portions) provided for, the good old Gentleman prides himself in the Companies of his goodly number of Sons, fancying every one to be a seventh, a Conjurer, a Fortune-teller, Magician, Cunning-man, or (at least)

least) no Fool. He kept a House like the *Old Courtier of the Queens*, or the *Queens old Courtier*. He had all his sons set about his Table, with their Hats on their heads, as they did at all times in Fathers presence, though two of them were under 20. years of Age. These Sons could scarce read, or write their names well; And that hapned thus; when the eldest was very young, and intended for School, a Puritan came to the good old Father, and told him of a pious Book called the *Confessions of good Austin*, which he had often read, and found that one of the first great offences that Holy man repented of after his Conversion, was robbing of an Orchard, which he was enticed

to by the wicked solicitations of his Fellow-Scholars at a Grammar School; therefore, worthy Sir, (quoth he) send not your Son to School, for he will learn to rob Orchards, and then be forced to do Penance in old Age, and that before the uncircumcised Formalist of his Parish, according to the *Idolatrous Rubrick*. At which discourse there hapned to be present a Pædagogue, who took up the Cudgels in defence of School-Education, using many Arguments to that purpose: and for answer to the Orchard-business, told of one of great Natural Wit, who bewailed his not going to a Free-School, for many reasons; in particular, for that he missed the opportunities, of Rob-

bing Orchards, whereby he might
 have learned the Arts of Scaling
 of Walls, besieging of Towns,
 Approaches, Retreats, &c. at
 which the old Gentleman stopped
 him, saying, Hold Sir, I like not
 you, nor your *Man of Natural Wit*
 neither; who seems to me to be
 a man void of Grace, especially
 in comparison of this *Godly man*,
 whose directions I will follow;
 who hath informed me from the
 same *Austin*, that *Grace* is enough,
 without the prophane Learning
 of the Heathens. And from that
 time he resolved against Learn-
 ing; and provided for his Sons
 (according to the Country Edu-
 cation) a Huntsman, with a Ken-
 nel of Blood-Hounds, Fox-
 hounds, Beagles, and Tarriers.

A Falkoner with Sparrow-hawks, Lanners, Tassels, and Goss-hawks. A Warrener with Tumblers and Lurkers, besides other implements of his Art. Another Servant who attended the Grey-hounds, and Setting-Dogs: an Archer for the Long-Bow, Cross-Bow; and had the skill of Gun and Stalking-Horse too, and all his Materials and Instruments of Game, were kept always at hand. A Fisherman used his time well about the Ponds, Dams, and Meers, in furnishing the Table with most sorts of Fresh-water Fish, and made it pleasant in the taking them, with Angles, Trolls, Snares, Nets, and other Engines. There was also a Billiard-Table, Shovel-board,

board, Chess-board, Cards, Dice, Nine-Pins, and they that would might also play at Nine holes, or Span Counter. There was designed a Tennis Court to be built, but one (like your Adviser, Sir) came and told, that it was used at *London*, and that naughty people used to come thither, and to go from thence to naughty places, which spoiled the project. ' So strange a thing is a prejudic'd ' mind, as if a Tennis Court ' were not less noxious than ' Cards and Dice, yet such is the ' foolish admiration of persons, ' That Errors are espoused, for ' the Authors sake, and some such weighty reason, pulled down the Tennis Court at *New-market*.

But to our business again, Sir,

i. e. to the Story of the seven Sons, who you see were provided for to make Country *Hero's*, far beyond what your Adviser has mentioned to you.

Sir, These young Gentlemen every day made use of some of these divertisements, and doubtless became good proficient therein; only *George*, one of the youngest, often staid at home, pretending to break his Fast with *Curds and Cream*, *Fresh Butter*, and *New brown Bread*, *Buttermilk*, or *Whey*; and doing often so, the eldest Brother *Ezekiel*, fancied the *Dairy* afforded something more pleasant than what he knew, and so watched *George* on a time, and through a *Creviss* perceived that *George* had found
out

out a *Recreation* not provided for by the *Old man*; and that was, to help *Tydy* the *Dairy Maid* to Churn; which Churning was done after such a manner, as made *Ezekiels* Teeth to water, as if *Buttermilk* or *Whey* had a Spring in his mouth. All this *Ezekiel* kept to himself, and when *George* was a Hunting then he helped to Churn with *Tydy*; which privilege he obtained, to keep Counsel and (on the same score) every one of the Brothers had their turns, and I think *she* was well helped to Churn; insomuch that by over-labouring, or by one thing or another, the poor *Wench* grew sick a mornings, and you might see her red Stockings half way up her legs, which made

made her ask leave to go home to her Friends; and being granted, was conveyed to *London*, at the charge of the Eldest Brother only; for he stood on his reputation, as heir of the Family, and in hopes of preferment courted secrecy: but *George* and the rest, as they had no more then younger Brothers expectancies, so expected no disparagement by a younger Brothers Frolick.

And from that time ('tis strange such a thing should happen in *Innocent Country*) there was not a Maid-servant could stay in that Family above six Moneths, what became of them I know not; but it is said that a great many Women Folk went from that house to *London*.

Well,

Well, Sir, By this time Age gave the old Gentleman an intimation of removing to t'other World: so he sent for the Parson whose name was *Lionel Drinkwell*, who made his Will; by which his wife was made *Executrix*, and all his Mannors, Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments, was bequeathed to *Ezrael*, his eldest Son; he gave to his second, third, and fourth Son 100 l *per annum* a piece, during life; and to the other three younger Sons he gave 1000 Marks a piece, and made the said Parson, and one Mr. *Getmore*, a Neighbour, Supervisors, desiring them in all love to be aiding and assisting to his said Sons, with friendly advice, and so he died, was buried,
and

and forgotten : After whose death, the heir grew *House-keeper*, the old Gentlewoman doing all the Offices of a Wife (excepting what Tydy used to do.) The Brothers also (paying for their Boards) continued their former Courses, went to Bed early, slept quietly, by the help of *Idea's* bad glorious dreams, rose before the Sun, sported on the beautiful Foot-cloths of Nature; and twenty things more, besides wasting their Portions. Soon after it happened, one *Thomas Lender* of London a *Pawn-Broker*, died of the Plague intestate, leaving a Widow of about 35 years of Age, after whose death, she caused her husbands Goods to be *Inventoried* and *Appraised*; in which *Inventory* was

men-

mentioned in Bonds 5000*l.* in the Shop, in Jewels, Plate, Watches, Books, and other Goods 5000*l.* in *toto* 10000*l.* She being afrighted at the Disease, which had taken away her Husband, removed into Country for a time, and happened into this Mr. Richman's Town; and growing acquainted with this Family, by discourse was discovered, that her late Husband's Mother was of the Family of the *Scrapes*, and so a kind of affinity was started between her and them; and improved so far, as she was desired to reside (during her stay in the Country) at that House, where she had not long been, ere the Widow imparted the value of her Estate, which took presently with the old Woman

Woman, who could not rest till she had engaged a Treaty between her and her Son *Ezekiel* for a Marriage; and though the Widow had nothing to commend her to his acceptance, but her wealth, yet that Argument improved by an *indulgent Mothers* descants, prevailed for a Match, which was soon dispatched; and the joy that the hopes of this *round sum of money* brought, occasioned open House-keeping for a moneth, and publick Entertainment for all comers, which cost at least 1000 *l.* soon after which Jollities ended, the Bride and Bridegroom went to *London* with purpose to remove the Treasure into the Country; but when they came there, con-

son G sulting

salting some wiser than the former Apprisers, it was found that the Jewels, Plate, and other Goods, were indeed of the value of 5000 l. but they were pawned but for 1500 l. and the sums mentioned in the Bonds, were indeed of the value, but by the conditions of those Bonds, it appeared that the Bonds were given only for further security, for the same Moneys lent on the Goods, so she was worth in truth but 1500 l. whereof 1000 l. was spent on the Weddingsolemnities.

This angered good Ezekiel to the heart, and his old Mother too, who cursed London Widows, and advised the younger Sons to stay in the Country still, lest they also should be cheated;

not considering this Trick was in the Country, and lay at their own door, through want of Wit and Consideration, which the Wit of the Town would have obviated.

The new married man wanting the Whetstones of his Love, Beauty, and Money, neglected his Wife, even to hatred, returned to the ways his Brother George had taught him, and followed that course, till he and his Brothers had almost emptied the Country of Maids. His Wife not being in his debt, received as good Visits as he made; and between them both, the Government of the House seemed dissolved: a mixt concourse of Visitants constantly filling the

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Beds,

Beds, emptying the Bottles (for they were used also to drive away discontent) the Buttery, and Treasury; so that the name of *Richman* began to seem improper for person and place.

The younger Sons following the way of their Education, (notwithstanding grave Supervisors advice) became so clear-sighted as to see to the furthest end of their Portions; without the help of a Telescope; the Annuities being deeply dipped to Mr. *Getmore* one of the Supervisors, by the procurement of his Partner, the trusty Parson, on whom, and at whole House, much of the money was spent; and the Portions of money, in like manner was three parts spent.

Where.

Whereupon they considered, that they were of good extraction, having pure and uncommon bloud leaping in their veins, that they had been educated in the way of Country *Hero's*, that universal expectation claimed from them things generous and heroick, and how to carry on noble Enterprises, and to arrive at great and honourable ends, with a remnant of Estate, in the *Desarts* of the World (for so they now call the Country) by the trifling vanities of sports (so now they called the Country diversifements) must be thought on: and without much ado, labour, or study, it was concluded, (and so soon as one would think it was dictate of Nature) to London

they must go, and try their fortunes ; and to *London* they went, and not having fortune enough, or good enough, to purchase the friendship of *Court* nor *Learning* enough to join with the Societies of *Learning*, nor money enough left to fall into *Commerce*, nor courage enough to take up *Arms*; they furnish themselves with *Peruches* and *Pantaloons*, and find out the *Wastcoateers* formerly sent from the Country for the better shaping of their Bodies, who had improved themselves by this time into the exactness of some eminent *Vices*, especially of that which they brought from the Mannor of *Richman*, and now were become able to instruct their *Country Gallants*, and to bring

bring them acquainted with others, such as your grave *Adviser*, Sir, has by *long experience* known, and has elaborately told you of, and so we leave them together, and there is an end of the *Story*.

Sir, As soon as this *Story* was told me, I was thinking, that if it were duly considered in all its branches, and well weighed, it would be an answer to your *Advisers* Letter, without more ado; but it coming but now to my hands, I here insert it.

Sir, As for a *Story* where the Sons of *Country Gentlemen* have by good and proper Education, become true *Hero's*, *Patriots* of their Country, and possessing eminent ranks of Authority and Dignity; I take it needless, refer-

ring you to *Beloved History*, either in City or Country, from which may be collected Volumes of such *Hero's*, exceeding *Fox's* Book of *Martyrs*, and truer too. And (though the obliquities of the late Times have discouraged Learning to a great degree, and laid shackles on Gentlemens Parts and Estates, yet) since our Sovereigns return, it's obvious, that greater improvements have been made by the *Scyons* of Nobility and Gentry in all Arts, in 12 Years, than in an hundred before.

But, Sir, to the Letter again, and let us see more of the Town faults, and a great one rises next; and that is, a *Language* (divers from the times of our Ancestors)

is in London used. *Language* said
 he? Marry till now I took Lon-
 don to speak the best Language of
 all *England*, and *England* to speak
 the best Language except the
 universal one: but I am told
 otherwise now, this *Age*, this
Nation is corrupt in its Language.
 A bold charge is it on the wisest
Age, and wisest *Nation*, and where
 is the fault? in using *French words*;
 vile *French*, even vile *French words*,
 unworthy of the manly Language
 of *English* to use *French words*.

Sure, this Man, Sir, has been
 stung with a Bee, and now loves
 no Honey. He has, perhaps,
 suffered under some distemper
 called *French* — and so will
 starve, rather than eat *Fricacie* or
Ragoo.

But

But a serious word, Sir, Our Language of England is that of those Germans called Saxons, who possessed themselves thereof, next preceding the Normans; and that Language was mostly Monosyllables, of which Radixes have since been made Compounds; and though it has been thought that from such various Roots might arise Compound words answerable, and so no need of what is Foreign; yet in that Age, and that People, Knowledge was stunted, and few words would express few things, and so no need was there of enlarging the *Lingua*, or opportunity for it. *Historians* tell us, that when the Normans expelled the *English*, among the Clerks in Holy Orders, if one had

had learned the Grammar, every one wondered at him as a mighty Scholar.

After that time Learning began to encrease, and by the *Normans*, came the *French Tongue* hither, and though they could not introduce *their Laws*, yet *their Language* they did, and put our *Laws* into it; by reading of which; and conversing with them, grew a mixture of Tongues with the *French*, which has been improved by a commerce more *familiar* with that Nation than with any other.

And it's true, that in this last Age, wherein our Nation has out done all others in the superstructures of true Science, several terms of Art have mixed with
our

our ordinary discourses, which by reason of their easiness to intelligence, can hardly be avoided.

And it's remarkable, that what words soever our Nation has adopted, they are most significant of the things they express, and so occasion a succinct and comprehensive stile in our Conversation and Writing.

And as for the old *Dotage* of keeping to our first Language, which was *Teutonick*; I would ask your *Adviser*, Sir, to give me one instance of any People that does it. Let him look into *Verstegan* for the Monosyllables, and acquaint with the *High* and *Low Dutch*, *Normay*, *Sweden*, and *Denmark*, and see if any of them retain the old *Teutonick*, and how much,
and

and how they differ from *it*, and among themselves, and he shall soon find that every one of them, as well as we, do differ from the *serious manly Language* of our common *Ancestors*, as they are severally scituated in the several parts of their respective Nations; so do we in *England*. An instance whereof you may have in *Verstegan*, who thereby answers himself in the *whimsie* your *Adviser* borrowed from him.

As one woul say at *London*,
*I would eat more Cheese if I
 had it.*

The *Northern man* says,
*Ay sud eat mare Cheese gin ay
 hadet.*

And

And the *Western* man says,
Chud eat more (beefe an chad it.

Be you Judge now, Sir, who speaks best English, *London* or *Country*. And I challenge all his *Country Hero's*, who were never educated in *London*, to caress you with an *Harangue* like that of his *Remarques*, which (as the matter is *Romantick*, so the stile *Rhodomontade*, sufficiently laced with Foreign words, rude *French* and all) does amply turn upon himself, and silence the impertinent complaint. And so much shall suffice to have been delivered concerning the old, *serious*, *manly*, *English Language*. Only I must not forget, that after his *invectives* against *French*, he
 kindly

kindly says, That Language is highly necessary to all that frequent Courts, and that have to do in the important affairs of the World. This startled me, when he says, French Tongue is necessary to Courtiers, and those concerned in important affairs, and yet not to you, whom he designed and advised to be a Hero. It made me recollect myself, and consider what a Hero is. I find the word is not Teutonick no more than *Idea*, *Chimera*, *Conduct*, *Regiment*, with many others, which are for this time designed worthy to be the embroidery of his Lines, and the Livery of his Pages. But I found out what usually English men understand by this Remarkable word *Hero*, and it happens to be

be the very same, that the *Greek* word imports, viz. one who has attained to great Renown, by great Parts, Knowledge; and generous Achievements, in the ways of Arts, Arms, or other the important affairs of the World; to such a one as this the *French Tongue* (it seems) is highly necessary.

Then, Sir, while he inveighs against the *French Tongue* to you, judge you what manner of *Hero* he would have you to be; you are to be a *Hero*, but the necessaries to it you must avoid.

Mahomet told his Prosylites that he should be like a great Ram with a great Fleece, and they should be like little Fleas shrouding themselves in his Fleece, and then he would give a jump into Para-

Paradice, and carry them with him. Just so, your Adviser Sir, is to jump you into a *Hero*. You must abhor the *French Tongue*, not have to do in the important affairs of the *World*, nor frequent *Courts*, nor so much as see wicked *London*; but you must be a *Hero*, ay that you must; you must live in Ignorance, and become like an useless *Country Vermin*, and King *Oberon*, at a lucky chance, shall ipso facto Metamorphose you into a *Hero*: A chance indeed, like that the *Pro-Consul* spake of to *St. Austin*, in the Discourse of Judicial Astrology, viz. the force of chance diffused about in the nature of things, brings to pass as foretold, &c.

Sir, I must tell you it must be

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a

a *chance*, and a very lucky one too, that will make you a *Hero*, without *means* or *indeavours*. A *Privy Counsellor*, *Lord Lieutenant*, a *General*, are not *Hero's* as *such*, but as they are qualified to be *such*.

Advance we two or three steps further, and there we shall meet your *Remarquer*, Sir, at the turn of a Corner, ready to scare you, as he scares Children in the *Country*, and cries don't go to *London*, for *Tom Poker* will get you and put you into his Pocket. You must write a *Play*. Sir, his design being to keep you in *ignorance*, and fright you with *Learning*, he might rather have said, if you go to *London*, you must plead *Causes*, Anatomize humane *Bodies*,

dies, pass Fiery Trials with Prince Robert and Mr. Boil, in the Laboratories, &c. this had been a noise able to scare a good chubbed Country Fellow; or like Tays the Moving Clod, that scared the *Tuscan* Ploughmen.

But, Sir, notwithstanding this Country Chancellors Decretal *Musts*, I do assure you (on my credit) you are no more obliged to write a Play, than your *Marksm*-man was to write his Letter; either of which may be accounted a bold undertaking, the success being so hazardous.

And since we are speaking of writing Plays and Books, I must observe to you, that about the time your Letter was published, there was a *Comedy* acted at *London*:

don : in which (to see how good Wits may jump) was all the wit of the Letter, and a thousand times more.

There was a Country Hero among a company of poor, ignorant, brutish Boors (that word is Teutonick) drinking, sotting, telling news, and particularly concerning that great City called *Ditto* in the Gazette, and the miserable estate of Poland : rayling at London, charging all the *Blunderbusses* and *Granadoes* of his Office, in defiance of all that should laugh at an Ignorant Justice-Captain of 2000 *l. per annum*, and hoped to be Deputy-Lieutenant : and, in short, one, who by the help of a fierce *Dapple-grey Mare*, and an obsequious
Setting

Setting Dog, judged himself a greater *Hero* than *London* ever saw.

This *Hero's* name, Sir, was *Hugh Clodpate Esq;* of an Ancient Family, known in all the Counties of *England*, the Plays name was *Epsom Wells*. I advise you, Sir, to send up to *London*, for a Copy of it, for 'tis not yet printed; lest it should spoil the sale of the *Remarques*, there is an ingenious Gentleman, by name *Mr. Shadwel*, who may help you to it, and then you may compare the one with the other. I dare say the Author of one was not of the other, for the Play is a thing of great ingenuity: and there is another difference between the Play and the Book; for what the

Poet did in jest, this *Epistler* does in earnest; that is to give a *Reprimand* to some absurdities of the *Town*, next, to render *Town-baters* ridiculous.

Sir, If you come to *Town*, and the worst comes to the worst, if you can't write a *Play*, you may write a silly *Book*, and swagger against them who can write *Plays*, and say, that this *Phantastical necessity* was imposed upon you, and you were not obliged to hazard your abilities on such vanities of *Fame* and *Humour*: and so winding your self up in a few wrathful sheets, they become *Armour* of *Proof* against all *London Foes*, who will sufficiently feel the smart of your fatal *rap*: as others (God wot) have done

done to their grief and sorrow. Witness (in the next place) unhappy *Inns of Court*; unhappy, yea verily unhappy, in being the objects of the ill will of this mighty *Hero-maker*.

Sir, As to these contemptible Bodies, he is pleased to cut them in three Morsels, yet is able to devour them at one Bit.

The first are the *Practisers of the Law*, the *Idea of whose conversation* (he says) is very *Pedantick*, and unpollished, and in truth, not worthy of a Gentleman; concealing Truth, tiring out the *Votaries of Justice*, forcing Conscience to truckle under the love of money, and having nothing agreeable to the Principle of nobleness. Pray, Sir, when you read this, did not you take this

man to be *Non-Compos*? to have spent his time in a *Colledge* situate between *Bishopsgate* and *Moorfields*, thinking no man, but one touched in his *Brain*, could rave so formally, and render himself in such prodigious Untruths, and prophane scurrilities; he seems to borrow the humour from a Modern Wrangler, who out of spight to the *Royal Society*, scolds at my Lord *Bacon* for promoting of *Practical Philosophy*; and against all *Common Lawyers*, because *Oldenbarnevelt* (a *Civilian*) was an *Arminian* in the *Netherlands*; so eager Wolves bark at the Moon, so mad Dogs bite all but mad Men.

But, Sir, As for the *Inns of Court*, they have been and are at this

this day owned by all Foreigners
 and Domesticks to whom they
 are known, as the most renown-
 ed Societies, as well for the Pro-
 fession of the Law, as for the Law
 they profess, that the World has.
 And as to the persons in *highest*
Vogue, for their excellencie in
 that Science, (having by indefa-
 tigable industry subdued the dif-
 ficulties of their own Art, and by
 that made themselves Masters of
 the greatest Reason and Judg-
 ment, which attends any other
 Body of Learning) can and do
 entertain their Vacations with
 inquiries into other parts of
 Knowledge, which with much
 easiness do readily fall under their
 comprehension. And being so
 furnished, are also endued with

a stock of Prudence, that capacitates them for a deportment answerable to the Circumstances of Times, Places, and Persons; whether it be in the more grave and reserved way, which their Profession, or other Knowledge, or the Societies of strict men obliges them to: or in the Paths that Men and Learning of lower Forms (called more generous and delightful) leads them to. And he must be a great stranger among us, who cannot instance in great Sages of our Common-Law, who have been eminent, even in the retired Walks of other Learning, that have designed endeavours to the perfecting of the Works of Nature; or rather improving Nature to the best

best advantages of life, and the common benefit of mankind, as has been said of them by some of sufficient prejudice against that Profession; and there are now being persons of so general knowledge (not seasonable to mention) as no other Society of single Learning can parallel.

Sure, Sir, This *No-mans-friend*, has had some ill luck at Law, he may have dealt in some cracke Title, or ingaged in some unwarrantable suit, that would not hold Water; and because his Lawyers could not *Buoy* him up in his undertakings, to't goes the Profession; or perhaps some less thing may exasperate a waspish man, and make him buz. There was one *Pawlet*, who had vowed
never

never to come to London; and being Defendant to a suit in Chancery, had the Court moved for a Commission to answer in the Country, alledging for Cause, his Vow, of which *affidavit* was made. The Lord Chancellor *Egerton* said it was a *foolish Vow*, and ordered an Attachment against him. But what ill hap has touched our Author; as I know not, so I care not.

There is another sort of men (it seems) in the Inns of Court, with whom (I perceive) he has had more intimate acquaintance, for he describes them knowingly, and they are the vain, imperfect, and half-witted part. Sir, It has been observed, that *Venus* had a Mole on her Cheek, *Hellen* a Scar

Scar on her Chin, *Aristippus* a Wart, *Lycurgus* a Wen, and the Moon her Spots, and its probable that Societies made up of thousands, may have among them some extravagants: and what then? Then it follows, as he says, there is a third sort of men there of *great abilities and virtues*; and to these he has nothing to say; but this I must say, it was his unhappiness that his *long experience*, found them not out to converse with; 'tis like they are part of the number of those mentioned in his Preface, who are so retired.

Well, Sir, For a little Application. Is it so, that there are three sorts of men in the Inns of Court, one too grave and morose, the
 10 other

other too light and lewd, the third of *Abilities and Vertues*; then for Instruction, (according to grave Adviser) go not to *London*, but stay in the *Coun-try*, and learn of old Mother *Huggins*, to lay Eggs under her Sow to hatch Collops and Eggs, which will come to pass at the same time, when a meer Boorish-life makes any one a *Hero*.

Come we now, Sir, to the last sort of vile People, that this Reprobate Town suffers to reside within her Walls: and though he tells you, that he is sure you will not spend your time with them, yet he is resolved *Hit miss*, or *Happe-go-luck*, (according to the Country Teutonick) to have a blow at their Jack: and these are a sort of

of inconsiderable Mushrooms,
 Groveling in Mechanicks, and
 pinioning the minds of men with
 mean Arts. What a Person does
 this man mean? he still mistakes
 Terms and so understands not
 Arts. He took, sure, *Mechanick* to
 be derived from the Town *Me-*
cha, which he met with in *Belo-*
ved History, and thence conclu-
 ded that all Arts called *Mechanick*,
 were Infidel Arts, and brought
 hither by *Turks*, and so had an
 assurance, that you would not keep
 Company with such Artists. What
 else he should mean, is hard to
 conjecture; his medly description
 putting us to a loss in discover-
 ing this dangerous Tribe, this
 Sect of *New Philosophers*, for here
 is no *New Philosophy* in Town.
 Yet

Yet (methinks) I should guess by his gaping what he means, may be the Epithet *Mechanick*, being used (properly enough) to meanest Handicrafts, he thinks all Arts and Artists *mean* to which it's applied: but there is his mistake and ignorance, however some Coffee-house Wags, and Sonnet-Mongers (who (he says) have visited him in the Country) may have foolishly in their rode of idle *Droll* thrown the notion into his Nodde, with some undue reflections.

For there are, Sir, in this Town *Mechanick Philosophers* in a Body compounded of the Royal Blood, the Nobility in Church and State, the Prime of all the Learned men in England, and some Foreigners; which

which Body has for its Head no less than that which wears an imperial Crown. These are, Sir, the new Mekanick Philosophers, whom your Remarker celebrates with the encomiums of groveling in Mechanicks, and pinioning mens minds with mean Arts.

Now, Sir, out of respect to you, I'll tell you what Mechanick signifies; it comes from the Greek word which signifies Artifice or Invention; and Mechanical Arts are now taken to be such Arts in which the labour and use of the hand is required and are called such in contradiction to Arts barely Speculative, and Notional, and under that appellation, are contained, Medicine, Military Discipline, Agriculture,
I Cloath-

Cloathing, Navigation, Architecture, and many others, together (if you please) *Hunting*; in which last there is more *Philosophy* then all your Country and Adviser too, understand.

These *mean Arts*, Sir, poor despicable *London Philosophers* are glad to busie themselves withal, while *Hugh Clodpate* and his fellows (in the Country) can (as he says in the Play) content themselves with good Ale, Beef, Mutton, which are their own *Manufactures*, and with sleeping quietly, dreaming gloriously, and sporting on *Natures beautiful Foot-cloaths*, become *Hero's* of the Country stamp, and (by the help of a *Remarker*) rival the new *Philosophers*, who have stored the World with

with such a Body of Natural practical Philosophy, and made it so subservient to the Publike Good, that neither the *Imperious* *Stoagurite*, (as he calls him) nor *Theophrastus* among the Ancients, nor *Paracelsus*, and the rest of the Chymists of former Times, are very considerable, as was said to be the hopes of the Lord Bacon, had he lived, and is now the effects of the generous and noble Enterprizes of those admirable persons known by the illustrious Appellation of the Royal Society. And now again judge you, Sir, how *sure* this Confident may be that you *will not keep company with these persons*, there being scarce one single person among them, whose company is not acceptable

ptable to the greatest *Hero's*.

On he goes, Sir, and meeting with the *Merchant* at half turn, gives him a fillip on the finger, and tells him he is one whose business is Profit and Interest, without any design upon the improvement of *Arms*, *Letters*, or *Conversation*, nor worthy your Company, Sir, and so farewell him. In good time, the man seems to come to his Wits, and is now for *Arms*, *Letters*, and *Conversation*, which the *Merchant*, (by which, I suppose, he means all *Traders*) he says, is not for. Even as much (say I) as the meer Country Sir *Simon*, unless the *Buff coat*, *Leading-Staff*, the *A, B, C*, and *Tub of Ale* be *Arms*, *Letters*, and *Conversation*. And, Sir, as slight

as he makes of *Merchandize*, all Ages have shewn men of *Commerce* as like *Hero's* as ever he saw, who have been *Governors* of *Towns* of *War*, and *Counselors* of *State*: and though there is reported an Age (long since) to have been, in which it was accounted disparagement to marry with a *Merchants Daughter*; if that were true, it's now otherwise, and *Country Hero's* find by *Experience*, that if *Tradesmens* daughters become not *Mistresses*, the *Tradesmen* themselves become *Masters* of many great *Mannors* in *spight* of *Country Hero ship*.

And as for the *Citizens* of *London* themselves in general, what by reason of the aforesaid occasions of *Giving*, and *Lending*

13 moneys,

moneys, and Daughters and Inter-marriages: the converse and acquaintances thereby gained with persons of highest Rank, together with the help of inherent qualities derived from their Parents, being mostly the Sons of Gentlemen, and the general improvement of the Knowledge and Manners of this Town. They are (at this day) become men of such outward *Parade*, and inward accomplishments, that the better sort of them are received by the best Gentry, and an ordinary *London Mechanick* outdoes *Justice Clodpate* and his 2000 *l. per annum*.

Well, farewell Merchant, on goes *Tarlton*, and having danced two or three Jiggs with his *Jews-trump*

trump and Tongs to make you merry; he falls himself into O ex-
clamantis. Oh, sweet Sir, what
will your Mother say, if you mis-
carry? She has set you in the Clus-
ter of Hero's, but she must now
see you growing dim and sullied in
the Circle of so bright a Race. What,
Must again! Pray, Sir, for
my satisfaction, it not for your
own, when you see this man of
Art next, ask him, supposing
such lewd People to be in London,
(as it is to be feared there are too
many there, and in the Country
too) why must you be a Repro-
bate? what damned Fate hangs
over your head, that (of all men
living) you must not come to Lon-
don? and if you do, you that are
set by your Mother in the cluster

of *Hero's*, will by the *Lawyers*,
New Philosophers, and *Poets*, be
 set in the cluster of *H. ll. hounds*;
 ay, and you will dote so much on
 the *Town*, as you will be a stranger
 in your *Country*; ay, and (like *Justice*) you must be a stranger in
 your *Country*. How, is *Justice*
 a stranger in your *Country*? I am
 sorry to hear of so barbarous a
Country; and believe it, I think it
 high time for you to remove, you
 are like to have pretious *Con-*
versation, where's no *Justice*, and
 brave *Country Hero's* too, and
 good *Justicers*: I fear your *Man*
 of *Wrangle* has railed the *Lawyers*
 out of your *Country*, and *Justice*
 with them; the *Statute* banishing
 the two *Spencers*, *Father* and *Son*,
 has this *Article* against them, that
 they

they made Justices who were not conversant in the *Laws* of the Land; they having in stead thereof, put *ignorant* men into those Offices, whom they could easily *impose* upon, and warp to unjust attempts. Sir, if this be the Case of your Country, and the Cause that *Justice is a stranger there*, I think you *must* go to *London*, either to become a Lawyer, to converse and acquaint with those morose men of *Justice*, or to procure one or more to go inhabit your Country, that *Justice* may be no longer a *Stranger* there; else (methinks) you hazard your self among a Herd of *Tories*. This is (pardon me Sir) if the *Remarker* says true; and who knows, but he sometimes
do

do so? I verily believe him, when he says, Sir, We that have hitherto been honoured with your Frindship, shall not know after what manner to receive you, when you return from the Town; we know you will sufficiently despise not only our capacities, but our courage, whilest we can neither talk nor act at your admirable rate: nor, I believe, will you ever be able to inspire us with your gallantry of mind.

Sir, Whether this man be skilled in Figures as well as Letters, and so how he intended these words, I know not, for men to whom Justice is a stranger, may say one thing and mean another. But (in plain English) after you have with sobriety and industry imbibed the harmless and virtuous

mous improvements of the Town, and made your self candidate for a true *Hero-ship*, the Ignorantees and *Clodpates* of the Country will not know how to receive you at your return, and perhaps, you may look with a *despising* Brow, or the capacities and courage of despicable Wretches, who live *strangers* to *Justice*, and cannot talk nor act at your admirable rate. And (which I believe will trouble you) you will not be able to inspire them with your *galantry* of mind, they being so addicted to a *sleeping, dreaming* life, destitute of the improvements you will be then Master of.

And since, Sir, this Country Philosopher has concluded so luckily for Truth; some few
lines

lines of his *own*, having answered all his Book; since (after some few Traverses on the Stage with three or four Papers of the Powder of *Experience* in his hand) he has *bequeathed* them to you as the last Legacie of a *dying* Remarker, and so taken his leave of you. I shall only say to him, that as to some of his Letter; had it been well appointed to proper Objects, it is not without its weight, and I wish it might obtain good ends; but, as to what is pointed towards you, with the many unaccountable *musts*, I take it wholly insignificant and idle, and shall tell him one story more, and take leave of him.

A French Mill-Wright, who was excellent, in his own conceit, because

because he could make a Mill well, thought he could make an Engine of Wheels that should grind *all* sorts of Corn, and with Edge-tools to turn Spits, and give the hour of the Day as a Clock: but having spent his brains and his pains about it, he was (at last) fain to content himself with a Nut-cracker of it, and glad he escaped so too.

Now, Sir, as to you, after a hearty desire tendred, to see a man of your *growing* hopefulness, Qualifications, and Circumstances, to be (by the help of due advantages and proper methods) improved into an undoubted true *English* Hero; and to see you at *London* for that end,
and

and with that resolution; and
 with assurance of unfeigned pur-
 poses to serve you in that design,
 I take leave, and remain,

Sir,

Your most affectionate

humble Servant.

F I N I S.

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